

Selected Poetry.

Mrs. Brown's Appeal to Her Husband.

BY J. K. HOLMES.

Why don't you take the paper, Brown?
I'm sure it is a shame
That we can't get the news from town,
Before its old and tame;
There's Deacon Jones across the way,
Who gets on every week.
And he can beat you, they all say,
When called upon to speak.

The reason, sir, is plain you know,
For when he reads it through,
His words like milk and honey flow,
And all he tells is new;
So he is taken by the hand,
For what he can impart,
While old and young around him stand,
And say the Deacon's smart.

Oh, is it not a shame, I say,
To hug your purse so tight,
When a mere bit of yellow clay,
Would set the matter right?
What good is gold, now can you tell,
To any of our kind,
Unless it keeps the body well,
And benefits the mind?

Why don't you take the paper Brown?
I'm sure it is a shame
That we can't get the news from town,
Before its old and tame;
Now let us quit this simple way,
And take a worthy start,
And ere a year our friends will say,
The Browns are getting smart.

Paradise.

AN ORIENTAL PARADISE.
A Persian's heaven is easily made,
Tis but black eyes and lemonade.
Boston Transcript

A CELESTIAL PARADISE.
A Chinese heaven of course would be,
A heap of fat and a cup of tea.
Lynn News.

AN ENGLISH PARADISE.
An Englishman's heaven would be in chief,
A rosy cheek and a roast of beef.
Vox Populi.

A YANKEE PARADISE.
A Yankee heaven is a different life—
A soft pine board and a sharp jack-knife.
Sunday News.

A YANKEE PARADISE.
A Yankee heaven we are told,
Is a pumpkin pie and a bag of gold.
Wisconsin Standard.

A BEVERLY PARADISE.
A paradise in Beverly means,
A junk of pork and a pot of beans.
Warsaw Courier.

A TAUNTON PARADISE.
The Taunton boys think heaven's begun,
As soon as herring and alewives run.
Cayuga Chief.

A FRENCH PARADISE.
E Frenchman's heaven is good enough,
With a handsome fille and a pinch of snuff.
Cincinnati Courier.

A LYNN PARADISE.
No other heaven would choosers choose,
Than plenty of work and cash for shoes.
Oregon Spectator.

A DUTCH PARADISE.
A Dutchman's heaven has thousands broke
Tis ale to drink and a pipe to smoke.
Marblehead Mercury.

AN AMERICAN PARADISE.
The Yankee's place of heaven and rest,
Is found a little further West.
London Times.

AN EDITOR'S PARADISE.
An Editor's paradise would be,
A "list" as long as eternity.
Phila. Sat. Eve. Post.

A BOSTON PARADISE.
A Boston boy yields his devotions,
To pretty Girls and Yankee notions.
Star Spangled Banner.

A PRINTER DEVIL'S PARADISE.
Our Devil says his paradise,
Is circeus and chicken pie.
Lancaster Ledger.

Communications.

FOR THE LEDGER.

LEAFLETS OF MEMORY.

NO. 1.—BY LURA LERNE.

CONTINUED.

"Dissimulation I practiced but seldom; it was sincerity, Nannie, if he had refused me I verily believe a spirit of rebellion would have possessed me, and I doubt if I'd be present when roll was called."

"I'd marshal a sufficient force, go in quest of bringing you and have you cashiered as a deserter."

"Out upon you, Nannie, I will imagine some petty Lieutenant or captain is addressing me."

"You made no objections to my assuming the word furlough—besides, you are such an admirer of the military, that I tho't the style would please you."

"Right, Nannie, right, I am in truth an ardent admirer of gilt buttons, epaulettes, plumes and war-steeds; ah! if—"

"If you were a soldier, Janex, you would seek reputation at the canon's mouth," you would be a chivalrous son of Carolina."

"Assuredly I would, but you did not anticipate me; I was going to add, I would have liked to have lived in the days of chivalry."

"Doubtless you would, Janex, but had that been the case, you would not have been a daughter of South Carolina."

"I do not demur in the least," exclaimed Janex, her eyes kindling with patriotic emotion, "for beyond the shadow of a doubt, Carolina is the most gallant and chivalrous State in the Union."

"I will not say aught against her patriotism," replied Nannie, proudly, "since I too claim to be a daughter of her honored soil, you would kindle with indignation were I to say one word derogatory of her fame, but patient, Janex, you will hear your favorite theme discussed to-morrow. Why really I have heard you harp upon the merits of your State until it is hackneyed, nay even trite."

"Never! never!" cried Janex warmly; "and, at this critical juncture, when its thought she will accede from the Union! retract what you have said, or I will doubt—"

"Enough, enough, I capitulate unconditionally, come let us retreat to quarters and await the coming of to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow, that detestable to-morrow, a thing always expected but never comes."

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The Colloge by this time was deserted; the girls had wended their ways to various boarding houses. We will accompany Nannie and her fair companion, whom we find seated up stairs in the extreme end of a long piazza. They seemed to be expecting the presence of another, nor had they long to wait. Presently a light step bounded from a long passage; the form was one in which were blended grace and dignity. The contour of her face was exquisitely beautiful, her countenance was illumined by smiles which chased around ruby lips, and upon the whole, hers was a face and mien, and upon intimate acquaintance, a disposition which could not fail to please both youth and age. She came forth exclaiming—"Girls, I have heard the joyful news that the handsome Col. H. will be in company to-morrow, I will play truant without permission, as I wish to hear from the sighing pines of my own native home. And Janex, your worthy and inestimable friend, Gen. — is here also, to-morrow will be an oasis in the desert, will it not?"

"Indeed it will, Lizzie, tis those alone can feel the joyful emotion, when meeting a familiar face, during an absence from our family circle."

"I must have your sympathies, girls," exclaimed Nannie, her blue eyes glistening with a tear,— "there will be no present of the strangers that will say aught of my homestead."

I will not think cheerfulness is contagious if you do not look brighter, you do not require compassion, your home does not number so many leagues, and tis not long since you enjoyed the society of your friends," remarked Lizzie, with little show of pity, "dry your crystal shrines, and listen to your friend Janex, ask Professor J— to excuse you from Algebra in the afternoon, as two of your friends wish you particularly to join them at that time."

"Try at least I will," said she, her face resuming its light, but saddening in a moment again, "Professor J— is so harsh and so tyrannical, and dictatorial, that I approach him with a feeling of awe; however, I shall summon courage to ask him, either to refuse or grant my request. I must now leave you and seek the silent companionship of books, as recitations must be prepared.—Janex, come, let us repair to our room, you look so pleasing that I fancy you have seen a certain dark-eyed Hafed again, that called roll long since."

"Fie! fie on you Lizz, how cruel in you to accuse me, when you know all school girls should be 'fancy free.'"

"Ah! yes, Janex, I am aware they should be so, but that's not vindicting them from a doubt of their being so."

"You are not altogether in 'Maiden's meditations,' Mr. E— passed by this morning, Lizzie, he looked very wistful at the parlor door, I thought once he would have reached forth his hand and give a pull, but another thought seemed to tell him to forbear. Tis most shocking for you, a school girl to have lovers, whoever heard of the like, cease your silly rallery or I will let the Col. in the secret."

"Twas an idle jest, our hearts are free as the mountain air we inhale; but with Janex, those glances from Hafed I fear have done some mischief."

"You are not so penetrative as you imagine, I am bored with your nonsense, I will leave you to commune with your terrestrial spirit. E— whilst I stroll in the garden, and have an hour of holy musing." She left the room, while Lizzie cried after her—

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ah! yes to muse—"it was lost on the breeze. When they met again the subject was no more recurred to, each waiting the dawn of the morrow, when their anticipations would be met, surpassed or disappointed.

For fear of being considered too prolix, we will not enter the parlor when their friends called; suffice it to say, that many a day subsequent, their faces wore smiles that might have won an echo from despair. If Nannie was weary of hearing the merits of her state expiated on, she certainly was of hearing that of her officers.

The three were somewhat impatient and solicitous to see his Excellency and remaining officers. Nan had obtained a short respite from study—they had concocted a plan of espionage, during the hours the banquet would be served by their good host, and all seemed determined to hear the various toasts. They secreted themselves in a room adjoining the spacious dining hall, a suitable retreat to drink in sweet melody of music, combined with eloquence that was sweeter far than that which proceeded from the instruments in the passage.

The hour finally arrived when the sense of seeing and hearing would be exercised. The guests were ushered in and seated at the sumptuous fare, when quizzing was commenced by Lizzie getting a glimpse of his excellency, and exclaiming: "all nature might stand up and cry, this is a man."

"Yes, methinks," replied Janex, "if I were entering the port's of Heaven, that voice would lure me back to earth again."

"Nonsense, nonsense, girls, who ever heard such extravagance; curb your enthusiastic spirits."

Music drowned all further colloquy for the moment, and each were feasting their eyes on what it would not be difficult to conjecture. After a while—a long, long while, the time approached, when the ears would be regaled with that vocal music which Janex contended with Nannie, that surpassed all jens, pipes or stringed instruments that had been made from the time of Father Noah.

(Concluded next week.)

Agricultural.

Garden Manure applied in Fall and Winter.

Frequent complaints are made by those who are limited in their gardening operations, that whatever manures they do apply to the gardens, burn up their crops when the heat of summer comes on. We have felt this inconvenience too, and in looking around to find a remedy, have come to the conclusion that whenever a garden requires active stimulating manures, they should be applied in the fall or winter, and in this way rank stable manures may be applied, and spaded or plowed under immediately. It will have become by spring the proper food for plants, and as all manures leech upwards, the surface soil will be in a fine condition for the growth of vegetables; if the manure is applied at planting time, especially the crude manures generally applied here, just as vegetables are most required, they are fired by action of the sun on the manure, and the gardener has the mortification to find his labor and money thrown away. Whatever manures are applied in the spring should be well rotted, or of a cooling nature. There are many families that annually waste a barrel or two of leech-ash, when had it been applied to the garden patch, they would have had "early Yorks" as well as their neighbors.

The soap suds from the wash is a manure that may be applied with safety and with profit in the spring, and yet how few ever use them except to enrich the earth around their kitchens, and make loathsome mud holes, when flowers, luscious fruits and mammoth vegetables, might have been made by them. We do not yet properly appreciate the importance of a garden. The bearing it has upon the happiness and health of a family is plainly perceptible whenever we find a well conducted garden; how highly important, then, we should understand the proper food of plants. He would certainly be a mad physician who would give his fevered patients stimulants to raise the fever higher and higher, until vitality was consumed. Our garden soil can scarcely be too rich, but it must be richness retentive of moisture, and not as would be the case if stable manure was applied in the spring, be a richness which burned every thing in contact with it. Ho, then for your wagons and wheelbarrows; load them up, and cover your gardens quickly; plow them up, turn the manure under, and when the early seed time comes you need not fear but a harvest will follow.

BROWN SPRUCE BEER.—Pour eight gallons of water into a barrel, and then eight gallons more boiling hot; add twelve pounds of Molasses, and half a pound of essence of spruce; and when nearly cool, put in half a pint of good ale yeast. This must be well stirred and well mixed, and leave the bung out two or three days; after which the liquor may be immediately bottled, well corked and tied, and packed in sawdust or sand, when it will be ripe and fit to drink in a fortnight.

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These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues, they effect the rectification of diseases of the Liver and biliary glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are, without safe certain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

From the "Boston Bee."

The editor said, Dec. 29th.

Dr. Hoffland's Celebrated German Bitters for the cure of Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Chronic or Nervous Debility, is deservedly one of the most popular medicines of the day. These Bitters have been used by thousands, and a friend at our elbow says he has himself received an effectual and permanent cure of Liver Complaint from the use of this remedy. We are convinced that, in the use of these Bitters, the patient constantly gains strength and vigor—a fact worthy of great consideration. They are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be used by persons with the most delicate stomachs with safety, under any circumstances. We are speaking from experience, and to the afflicted we advise their use.

"Scott's Weekly," one of the best Literary papers published, said, Aug. 25:

Dr. Hoffland's German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Jackson, are now recommended by some of the most prominent members of the faculty as an article of much efficacy in cases of female weakness. As such is the case, we would advise all mothers to obtain a bottle, and thus save themselves much sickness. Persons of debilitated constitutions will find these Bitters advantageous to their health, as we know from experience the salutary effects they have upon weak systems."

MORE EVIDENCE.

The Hon. C. D. Hinceline, Mayor of the City of Camden, N. J., says:

"HOFFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.—We have seen many flattering notices of this medicine, and the source from which they came induced us to make inquiry respecting its merits. From inquiry we were persuaded to use it, and most agreeably we found it specific in its action upon diseases of the liver and digestive organs, and the powerful influence it exerts upon nervous prostration is really surprising. It calms and strengthens the nerves, bringing them into a state of repose, making sleep refreshing.

"If this medicine was more generally used, we are satisfied there would be less sickness from the stomach, liver, and nervous system, the great majority of real and imaginary diseases emanate. Have them in a healthy condition, and you can bid defiance to the epidemics generally. This extraordinary medicine we would advise